



Glider



flight

murder

sciencefiction

207 10 14

Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

It had worked! Aspen's father's designs had worked!

Aspen was flying over the city, rocketing past buildings and people below her.

The victory was bitter-sweet. Her father wasn't here to see it. He had been killed for this technology.

Now the killers of Aspen's father would be after her.

Chapter 2 by shad0scrib3



Jasper shouted with excitement from the streets below as he saw Aspen fly by. "It works! Oh my freaking goodness it works!" he shouted.

"Shut up, Jasper! They'll hear you down there," snapped Aspen.

Jasper raised the volume on his com-link. "You're flying over the city and you're worried they'll come after me?"

"What's my fly time look like?" She See more of Story Wars

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"Time to find a hiding spot."

"I have a good one. I'm sending the coordinates now." Jasper typed away at the keyboard like a world renowned pianist in a concerto. Lifting his finger from the final keystroke he lifted his gaze to the skies and followed Aspen's trajectory to confirm she was heading in the direction he'd calculated. It worked magnificently. "Aspen," he called.

"Yeah, wazup?"

"You're Dad was a genius. He would've been so proud. Angry at you for flying the infernal thing...but proud."

"I know," she answered. Her voice crackled a bit as she said it. Clearing her throat she prepared to land.

Jasper's rapid fire mind started spilling out instructions for Aspen's landing. "Remember you just have five seconds after landing to activate the disorientation beacon so that anyone that might've spotted you from SKYCO doesn't realize you came to a stop. The beacon will just make it seem like you're still flying around."

"I know."

"Then you have five minutes after that to dispose of the fuel cel-"

"JASPER! Shut up! I know! Let me concentrate." shouted Aspen.

"Right. I'll meet you at th-"

The transmission cut off abruptly and all Aspen could hear over her com-link was static noise.

"Jasper?"

"Hello little Aspen. How's my favorite niece?"

Jasper's shouts came through the link. "Aspen! Forget about me! You know what to do...I erased everything! They'll never find you!"

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"Take him away!" shouted

Aspen clenched her fists as the ground drew closer. She was a less than a minute from landing and feeling as helpless as ever. "You leave my friend alone."

"Or what?"

15 seconds from landing.

"Or I'll kill you."

10 seconds...

"Hahahah-" the signal cut out.

5 seconds...

"Have it your way," she uttered.

0...

Chapter 3 by Christopher Moore



The second Aspen's feet hit the ground, the exhilaration of flying and the distraction of how much focus it took not to crash into the ground dissipated in an instant, and a wave of fear crashed over her as she realised that the people killing her friends and family one by one only had a single target left.

Her.

Grief and rage battled in her mind as she, acting as if on auto-pilot, removed the fuel cells and began packing up the suit. Through the fog of her feelings, she marvelled at how something that covered most of her body and allowed her to fly compacted down to a book-sized piece of metal.

The park whose coordinates Jasper provided in his last act as a free person suited her needs perfectly. She walked over to a nearby bin and tossed the fuel cells in there, and raced away from the bin toward... where?

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What exactly was her next move?

Chapter 4 by Carlson Lim- I am back from a very long break



Suddenly she felt a strange feeling in her head: a faint buzz which wasn't going anywhere soon lingering around in her head. Then, she understood. Her uncle had pinpointed her location. He wanted to know she knew exactly what he was going to do.

The house, she thought urgently. It has the master key. It unlocks into my father's lab. I must rush back.

But she hesitated. Going back would make it obvious that the key was there. Her mind wandered to Jasper and Maria. How would they handle her uncle's foot soldiers? She worried for them.

Suddenly a strong gravitational pull started dragging her. Where was it taking her?

Her heart sank. The house.

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